EUTERPE *Revived.*

OR,

Epigrams

Made at ſeveral Times,

In the years 1672, 1673, & 1674

On perſons of the greateſt Honour and Quality,

Moſt of them now living.

In III BOOKS.

Printed at LONDON,
And are to be ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.
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THE
Preface.

Publiſh theſe Epigrams, *as I make them, the* laſt *the* firſt; *which may excuſe me, if I rank them accordingly. They are every year a new Work, by adding the* new *unto the* old; *and behold thoſe of this preſent year. Their Subject is chiefly* Heroick, *as are the perſons whoſe praiſes they contain. And I writ them chiefly to let the World know, That as we want not many praiſe-worthy perſons, ſo they want not ſome to praiſe them for't. And that you may not think me ambitious of names, I mention none, but thoſe I have the honour to know, and be known unto. For the* Style, *you are no more to expect the force and grandeur of* Epick *and* Heroick *Poems, in an* Epigram, *than the force of a Ship of War, or grandeur of a huge Carrack in a* Yaught, *or Pleaſure-boat. Suffice it, if it be ſuch as I deſcribe in this* Epigram.

What *Ayres* in point of *Muſick* are, the ſame
In point of writing is your *Epigram*,
Short, quick, and ſprightly; and both theſe and thoſe
When th' Ear expects it, comes unto a cloſe.
'Tis but few *lines*, but thoſe like Gold well-try'd,
Out of the droſs of many *lines* beſide;
And *Poetry*'s language of the *gods*, but theſe
In brief, the language of the *Oracles*.
'Tis ſhort, but in its ſhortneſs does comprize
The *Point of Wit*, wherein the ſharpneſs lies.
And's nothing worth if any thing be ſed,
Or tedious, dull, or vulgar-ſpirited.
Poets can't write, nor *Orators* declame,
But all their *Wit*, is chiefly *Epigram*.
In fine, in *Verſe*, and *Proſe*, and every thing,
Your *Epigram* is writing for a *King*.

Some may miſlike them perhaps, becauſe they treat not of Love, nor Love-matters; but others may like them the better; and for my part, ſince the itch of laſcivious love *is* but the ſcab of Poetry, *I ſhould be ſorry any one ſhould find in my Writings, that I with my* ſcratching *had exulcerated it.*

TO

TO
His Majesty.

VOuchsafe, Great Sire, on these to cast Your sight,
Made chiefly for Your MAJESTIES delight,
By him has cast off all Ambition,
But pleasing and delighting You alone;
Counting it highest Honour can befall,
To delight Him who's the Delight of all.

The firſt Book of EPIGRAMS,

Written *An.* 1673.

On the Duke of ORMOND's going along with the KING in Baniſhment.

WHen I but onely mention *Ormond*'s Name,
Methinks it is enough of *Epigram*.
Ormond, who never left the KING, but went
Alwayes along with Him in Baniſhment;
Whil'ſt many in that dark and cloudy Time,
Made too great difference 'twixt the KING and him.
So nearer Garments never quit their Maſter
When *ſtormy winds* do blow, but ſtick the faſter;
While *light* and *looſer* ones, like *Scarfs*, they find,
Are blown away with every ſtorm of wind.
And ſo the KING rewards him now, we ſee,
With neareſt Truſt, for his *Fidelity*,
Who well diſcerns the difference betwixt them
Who follow His *Fortune*, and who follow Him:
And knows that who in *adverſe* Times ne'r leave Him,
Are thoſe in *proſp'rous* Times will ne'r deceive Him.

TO

To the Earl of OSSORY, on his Return from SEA, *An.* 73.

MY LORD,

YOur Friends are glad y'ar ſafely come aſhore,
And all deſire you'd go to *Sea* no more:
Nor put your Life in danger to be loſt
On Forreign *Seas*, nor on a Forreign Coaſt.
What need you go? Y'ave hazarded enough,
And put your *Valour* to th' extremeſt proof:
And as for *Honour*, y'ave by *Land* ſuch ſtore,
You need not go to *Sea*, to purchaſe more.
If't be to ſerve your Countrey that you go,
There's none ſo ignorant who does not know
You, with your *head* may ſerve it more by *Land*,
Than ever any at *Sea* did with their *hand*.
In fine, The Brave and Noble *Oſſory*
Is known and honoured enough by *Sea*;
And now the *Land* deſires to have its ſhare
Of knowing and of honouring him there.

TO

To the Lady MARY CANDISH.

MADAM,

IN this our Age, when th'ar ſo *Critick* grown,
They ſeek to find out ſpots even in the *Moon*
And *Sun* it ſelf, I ſcarce ſhould be believ'd
If I ſhould tell how virtuouſly y'ave liv'd,
Pure as a *Chryſtal* mirrour, chaſte as *Ice*,
And full as free from ſtain or ſpot of Vice.
Nor *Stars* in Heaven, nor *Ermins* on the Snow,
In all their wayes could more unblemiſht go.
One who the Secret and Receipt has got
To ſilence *Rumour*, and ſtop *Slanders Throat*,
When everywhere th'ar ſo outragious grown,
To bark and bite at *Fames* of every one:
The onely *Sanctuary* where *Vertu*'s free,
And *Feminin Honour* ſafe; and finally
The beſt example of a *Virgins* life,
And perfect pattern of a *married* Wife.
Theſe are your praiſes, and you may conteſt
With any of your Sex for all the reſt.

TO

To JAMES Duke of MONMOUTH, begun at his going into *France*, An. 1669, and ended at his coming from the Siege of *Maeſtricht*, An. 1673.

WE to the *French* as much in *Court* did yield,
As they to us did formerly i'th' *Field*,
Till *Monmouth* went, and overcame them more
I'th' *Court*, than e'r we did i'th' *Field* before.
How fatal to the *French* is *Monmouth*'s Name!
They ſhu'd be twice thus Conquer'd by the ſame:
By *Valour* firſt in *War*, and now no leſs
A ſecond time, by *Gallantry* in *Peace*.

Now Noble *Monmouth*, Was it not enough
That thou in *Court* ſhu'dſt give ſo great a proof
How gallant and how brave thou wert, but thou
I'th' *Field* ſhu'dſt give no leſs a proof of't too?
Since thou ſo early doſt begin to tread
The paths of *Virtue* which to *Honour* lead;
From this great *Valour*, and great *Soul* of thine,
What may the World expect of thee in time,
But for our glory thou ſhu'dſt Conquer more
Than ever *Harry Monmouth* did before?

To the Duke of ALBEMARLE, going to SEA.

IN theſe our Warlike Times, when every one
Is going to *Sea*, and ſhames to ſtay at home,
Your *King* and *Countrey* have more care than ſo
Amongſt the reſt, *my Lord*, to let you go.
For th' honour which your Father left you, is
Not only *yours*, but your *Poſterities*,
And they, as his *Truſtees*, concerned ar,
Till y'ave an Heir, you ſhu'd not go to War.
Like falling Palaces which none repairs
Their *Honours* are, whoſe *Houſes* have no *Heirs*;
And they but build without foundation,
Who have no *Heirs* to found their *Houſes* on.
They know upon what ground you found your Right
Of being a Souldier, and of going to fight.
But if born of a *General*, as you ar,
You think y'ave ſo great Right to go to War,
Your *Son* will have a greater Right than you,
Not only born o'th' Race of *one*, but *two*.
Theſe are their chiefeſt Arguments, and how
You'll anſwer them, *my Lord*, I do not know.

To FRANCES Dutcheſs of RICHMOND, on her Widowhood.

YOu like a *Turtle* when her Mate is gone,
All ſad and mourning, *Madam*, ſit alone;
Or if there's ought more ſad and mourning, yet
You, *Madam*, well may be compar'd to it.
Y'ar all alone, and every one does know
It beſt becomes a *Phœnix* to be ſo;
And you ar one, as in all ſtates of Life
Y'ave well declar'd, both *Widow*, *Maid* and *Wife*:
Only in this you want of being one,
You'll leave the World no *Phœnix* when y'ar gone;
But make *Arabia Deſert* wanting you,
Who only make it *happy Arabia* now.
But if of *Stuarts* Name, Heaven has decreed
No more to *Richmond's* Title ſhu'd ſucceed;
As with the Nobleſt perſon it begun,
It ne'r cou'd end with a more Noble one.

To ELIZABETH,
Counteſs of ARUNDEL and SURREY.

MADAM,

YOu alwayes have ſo virtuouſly been bred,
And ſuch a virtuous life have alwayes led,
Virtue is to you as Con-natural
As *life* and *being* is unto us all.
Let others praiſe you then for other things,
As being deſcended from the Race of Kings;
I'll praiſe you for the virtues of your mind,
The true deſcendents of a Nobler kind;
Which you have ſo ſublim'd, y'ave raiſed all
The *Cardinal* ones to *Theological*;
And *Virtue*'s virtue in others, but in you,
Not only *Virtue*, but *Religion* too.
And here I'd praiſe you for your Piety,
But 'tis of late in ſo great obloquy
With th' vulgar ſort, 'tis only look't upon
As Relique of the Old Religion,
Or *Counterbanded Goods*, which none, for fear
Of the *Pragmatick*, longer dares to wear;
Neither ſhould I be ſafe, if I ſhould praiſe
A thing that's held ſo dangerous now adayes:
Let *Angels* only praiſe you for it then,
Since 'tis too bold and high a praiſe for *men*.

To the Lady GERARD of BROMLEY.

MADAM,

I Who have writ the praiſe of many a one,
Whom I've had honour to have ſeen and known,
And alwayes had the honour 'mongſt the reſt,
To celebrate the Nobleſt and the Beſt,
This Teſtimony needs muſt give of you,
(And all who know you, know it to be true)
'Mongſt all your Sex, I never yet did meet
With any, in their *actions* more diſcreet,
More prudent in their *words*, and in their *mind*
More *nobly*, nor more *virtuouſly* inclin'd.
And this not ta'n of others by Report,
But by mine own experience of't. In ſort
As they ſhu'd rather be thought *envious*, who
Don't praiſe you for't, than Flatterers, who do;
Let none then think this Flattery in me,
For I can't flatter, nor you flatter'd be.

To the Lord JOHN BELLASIS, on his quitting all his Offices.

MY LORD,

IN *Camps* and *Courts*, and all the *Offices*
Y'ave been employ'd in, both in *War* and *Peace*,
There's none has been more *fortunate* than you;
But you were never *happy* until now,
When quitting all the *Offices* you had,
We well may ſay y'ar truly happy made.
For all along wherever you have been,
All know y'ave ſtill been faithful to the *King*.
But in this latter Action you have ſhew'd
Your ſelf both true to th' *King*, and true to *God*:
And th' *King* well knows there's none that can be true
To t'on, but thoſe are ſo to t'other too.
Mean time, *my Lord*, i'th' Age we live in now,
Both ſuch examples, and ſuch men as you
Were ne'r more needful in the world, more rare,
Such men as you, and ſuch examples are.

TO

To the Lady, KATHARINE SEDLEY, Daughter to Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

WHo know you, *Madam*, every day do find
New Beauties in your *perſon*, and your *mind*;
And more they know you, they diſcover more
Perfections in you than they did before.
Not all the numerous Train of them, nor yet
Of all the *Graces* in one perſon met,
Could make a fairer, or more beautious ſhow,
In any perſon than they do in you.
Nothing is wanting now unto the *Fame*
Of Noble *Sedley*'s Family and Name,
Had all the *maſculine ones* before, and now
Has all the *Feminine Graces* in it too.
So when two *Sums* are by Addition brought
Both into one, that which before was thought
Great in it ſelf, does greater ſtill become,
By adding *one* unto the other Sum.

In memory of his Noble Friend JAMES HAMILTON, who first lost his Leg at Sea, then his Life on Land, in our last Engagement with the *Dutch*.

HOw like a huge *Colossus* thou didst stand,
One *Leg* i'th' *Sea*, and t'other on the *Land* ?
Betwixt which two ther being no standing fast,
Brave *Hamilton*, thou needs must fall at last.
Ah! Noble Youth! Never Innobled more,
Than when half lifeless thou wert brought ashore,
And both thy *King* and *Countrey*, *Friends* and *All*,
Griev'd and Lamented thy untimely fall.
Who would not choose, like thee, to fall and dye,
And live for't ever after gloriously;
Than for the use of a few hours breath,
To dye like others, an inglorious death ?
For only *War* can give that happiness,
Whil'st 'tis no glory for to dye in *Peace*.

To the Duke of *Newcaſtle*;

On my Lady-Dutcheſs writing of his LIFE.

MY LORD,

WHilſt with your Noble Actions you *Indite*
Unto your Ladies Pen what ſhe ſhud *Write*;
'T may well be ſaid, as 'twas of *Thetis* ſon,
That you are doubly happie, both to have done
Such famous deeds, and to have had agen
A Pen ſo famous for the writing them:
And ne'r was *Life* more worthy to be writ,
Nor *Pen* more worthy of the *writing* it.
She makes you famous, and you her agen
By th' famous Subject you afford her Pen:
Whence 'tis a Queſtion ever will remain,
Wh'er *Fame* makes *Writers*, or elſe *Writers*, *Fame*.
So whilſt you live i'th' *Life* that ſhe does give,
And ſhe in writing of your Life will live;
Betwixt you both, your *Fame* will never die,
But t'on give t'other *Immortality*.

To DIGBY, Lord GERARD of *Bromley*; Recommending to him for Motto: *Virtus vere Nobilitas.*

MY Lord, you now unto that Age are com,
Y'are almoſt paſt *Pythagoras Bivium:*
And after, rarely any one forſakes
The way of *Vice* or *Vertue* which he takes.
If *Vertue* then be *true Nobility*,
Ther's a neceſſity that you vertuous be,
Or elſe that Noble-man who's otherwiſe,
But forfeits his Nobility to *Vice.*
Think then whatere you *love*, Vertue is that;
And Vice is whatſoever you moſt *hate.*
To end then: If you love Nobility,
Love *Vertue*, or you'll never Noble be.
If *Baſeneſs* hate, hate to be one of thoſe
Who put baſe Vices on, with Noble Clothes.
But I well know you bear a Noble minde,
And ar unto all vertuous things inclin'd.
Nature has done her part to make you ſo;
The reſt, my Lord, depends on *Heaven* and *you.*
Love *Vertue* then, let it your Motto be,
Vertue is onely true Nobility.

To Mr. HENRY JERMIN,
On his Retirement into the Country.

SInce *Men* and *Manners* here ar all ſo bad,
By their *Example* w'ar ſtill worſer made;
And ther ar few can keep their *Innocence*,
Where every thing is *ſcandal* and *offence*.
You'r happie, Sir, who in the *Country* ar,
And nothing ſee but *good Example* ther;
Paſſing your time amongſt your Country-ſports,
More pleaſantly than we in *Towns* and *Courts*,
Who juſt as *ſilly Sheep* 'mong *Buſhes* ſtray,
Whilſt every *Buſh* takes part o'th' *Fleece* away:
So never com 'mongſt others, but we finde
We ſtill loſe ſomewhat of our *better* minde.
Our morning-thoughts are *Gold*, by noon th'ar *Lead*,
And all turn'd *Droſs* before we go to bed:
Mixture with others doth *abaſe* us ſo,
And ſuch *diſtractions* ar wher e'r we go;
You'r happie Sir who in the *Country* ar;
And would I were ſo happie to be ther.

On
A Fair Ladies NAME.

ALthough ther's none more carefully does ſhie
Clenches and *Quibbles* upon *Names* than I;
Counting *words* onely the *outſide* of *Wit*,
Whilſt *matter* chiefly is th' *inſide* of it:
Yet when i'th' ſence o'th' *Name*, and in the ſound,
Somewhat o'th' *nature* of the *perſon*'s found,
As is in yours, I can't but ſay that you
Are *Swift* by *name*, and *Swift* by *nature* too:
Swift in your *Apprehenſion* and *Wit*,
And *Swift* in every thing belongs to it.
Onely 'tis ſtrange! being ſo in every thing,
You ſhud be now ſo *ſlow* in Marrying.
But as for that, if reaſon of't they'd know;
You think in Marrying one can't be *too ſlow*.

Of

Of
PERSECUTION.

I Never lik't this *Perſecution*
Onely for *Conſcience* and *Religion*;
And half ſuſpect, that where it is not *free*,
'Tis not *Religion*, but *Hypocriſie*.
Who ſeek to force *Opinion*, make men more
Opiniatre than they were before:
And as for *Conſcience*, ye make it none,
Unleſs ye leave it *free* for every one.
What *gentleneſs* can't do, it is in vain
To ſeek by *force* and *violence* to obtain.
And 'tis your *Perſecutors* private *hate*,
Rather than *care* or *love* unto the State.
In fine, there's none has Juriſdiction
O'r *minde* and *thoughts* of men, but *God* alone;
And *Princes pow'rs* their *bodies* may controul,
But onely *God* has power o'er the *Soul*.

To a Fair Lady,

On the Peoples Reports.

MADAME,

THe *People*, who ſometimes on Truth do light,
Although they ar not always in the right,
Say y'ar a *Dutcheſs* now; and 'tis well gueſt,
Since you *deſerve* for to be one at leaſt:
And 'tis enough of *reputation*,
The world believes you *worthy* to be one.
But be you *fair* and *beauteous*, as you ar,
You for no other *Titles* need to care,
Neither of *Dutcheſſes*, nor *Princeſſes*,
Nor of great *Queens*, nor greater *Empreſſes*:
The *Title* of *fair* and *beauteous* is more
Than all thoſe *Titles* they ſo much adore:
And they ar onely *earthly* ones, in fine;
But that of *Beauty*, *heavenly* and *divine*.

ON

On an
Angelical Beauty.

I Muſt confeſs, before I ſaw your face,
I never knew what *perfect Beauty* was;
Nor ever ſaw more *heavenly features*, nor
Angelical air, in any one before.

We paint Angels *All face*, and adde but wings
Unto them, and we make them *Cherubins*:
So adde but onely *wings* to yours, and you
Would be *All Cherubin*, and *Angel* too.
The *Face* now being the Index of the *Minde*,
By which we *perſons diſpoſitions* finde,
We well may ſay, in ſeeing *yours*, that none
Had e'r a ſweeter diſpoſition;
More *milde*, more *gentle*, nor more *debonair*;
And full as heavenly *good*, as heavenly *fair*.
All this, from Rules of *Phyſiognomy*,
Madam, which never yet deceived me.

ON

A Sceptick in Religion.

THoſe who did wonder when they ſaw men go
Walking in rooms backwards and forwards ſo,
Would wonder more to ſee how thou haſt gon
Backwards and forwards in Religion.
Thou ſaiſt we'r bid *try all, and chuſe the beſt:*
But when ther's *one* ſo far 'bove *all the reſt,*
'Tis out o'th' way of all Compariſon;
Whoere is *wiſe*, ſhould chuſe or *that*, or *none.*
But when the *Soul* is gon, and *Body* dead,
A thouſand *crawling worms* i'th' Corpſe are bred:
So when *Religion*'s gone, we always finde
A thouſand crawling *Sects* are left behinde.
As he's unwiſe, then, changes *Gold* for *Braſs*,
Diamonds for *Peble-ſtones*, and *Gems* for *Glaſs*:
So he is more unwiſe, who chuſes one
Of theſe *falſe Sects*, for th' *true Religion.*

In Memory of her Altezze
BEATRICE de *Cuſance*,
Dutcheſs of LORAIN.

WHen this fair *Soul* did in her *Body* live,
She had ſome *Angel* been, you wou'd believe;
Thorow her bright *exterior* there did ſhine
So much from her *interior* of divine:
And *now* much more you wou'd believe her on,
When her *immortal ſoul* to Heav'n is gon;
Towards wch when here on earth ſhe made ſuch haſt,
Her *body* could not follow her ſo faſt,
But ſhe muſt leave it here below to *die*,
Whilſt ſhe went up to *Immortalitie*.
Mean time, who had th' honour to *know* her here,
May, weeping, write upon her Sepulcher:
She who alive *all* Vertue *and* Beauty *was*,
T'on in her breſt, *and t'other in her* face;
Now ſhe is dead, *juſt reaſon w' ave to fear*
All Beauty *and* Vertue *too are dead with her.*

To her (now)
Incomparable Siſter,
The Princeſs of AREMBERG.

ALl the *Lay* thoughts, I ever had
Of your fair Sex, you have *Religious* made
By ſeeing *you*; and I'm become by it
Your Sexes honourer, and your *Convertit*.
For juſt as to a *Temple*, all do come
Unto your *Chamber*, and from thence go home;
The *bad* converted, and the *good* much more
Confirm'd in goodneſs than they were before.
Beſides, the world learns this from ſeeing you,
That noble *Vertue*, and *Religion* too,
Ar *chearful* things, and far from being ſo *ſad*
As th'ar in *Melancholy Cloyſters* made.
But ther's an artful *ſilence*, as ther was
An artful vailing *Agamemnon*'s face;
And *others* prailes we may ſpeak of well,
But as for hers who's wholly *ineffable*,
'Tis *praiſe* enough to ſay, that *She can ne'r*
Be prais'd enough; and ſay no more of her.

To the Honourable,

EDWARD HOWARD,

Brother to the Duke of NORFOLK.

IT is not *Travel* makes a man, 'tis true,
Unleſs a man could travel, Sir, like you.
In putting off themſelves, and putting on
The beſt of every Country where they com;
Their *Cuſtoms*, *Manners*, *Faſhions*, and their *uſe*,
Purg'd of the *droſs*, and ſtript of the *abuſe*;
Till *rich* themſelves with *obſervation*,
They come at laſt t'enrich their Country home:
Whilſt the *py'd* Traveller that nothing knows
Of other Countries *Faſhions*, but their *Cloaths*,
And ſpeak their Language but as *Parrats* do,
Only perchance a broken word or two;
Goes, and returns the ſame he went agen,
By carrying ſtill himſelf along with him.

On

WILLIAM, Duke of *Newcastle*.

But now behold a *Noble-man* indeed,
Such as w' *admire* in Story when we read,
And love and honour, when we do but see
As *perfect Pattern* of *Nobility*;
Who does not proudly look that you should d'off
Your Hat, and make a reverence twelvescore off;
Nor takes exceptions if at every word
You call him not *Your Grace*, or else *My Lord*:
But is all Courtesie and Civility,
As best becoms a *Noble-man* to be;
And does appear a hundred times more great
By his neglect of 't, than by keeping State.
Whence, thorow all *Degrees* that he has past,
Of *Vicount*, *Earl*, *Marquess*, and *Duke* at last,
H'as always gain'd the general esteem
Of honouring *them*, more than *they* honour'd *him*.

To

To
The Lady BRIDGET,
Vicounteſs KILMURRAY.

MADAME,

WHen I wou'd praiſe you as I others do,
So many *Vertues* do appear in you,
As 'tis not in the pow'r of *Art* or *Wit*
To count them all, they are ſo infinit.
What ſhud I do then, but in brief conclude
As *Painters* when they paint a *multitude*,
Who when th'have ſome o'th' *chiefeſt heads* expreſt,
Under them *darkly ſhadow* all the reſt?
So having ſaid y'ar *beauteous*, *vertuous*, *wiſe*,
Under which *heads* I all the reſt compriſe;
I leave them *darkly ſhadowed* and *hid*
Under thoſe *heads*, as *t'other Painter* did.

On
The Dutchess of *Monmouth*'s Happie Childbirth.

NOw thanks to Heaven! what we have hop'd for long,
And long have pray'd for, *Monmouth* has a son;
His Lady safe delivered, and with her
Thousands besides delivered of their fear.
Who *hear* this *joyful News*, and are not *glad*,
May they be ever *deaf*, and ever *sad*.
Now ye *Physitians*, you who said that she
With so great *danger* should delivered be;
Who'll ere believe you more, unless you say
You have no skill? and then indeed they may;
Or that each *Midwife* has more skill than *you*,
And then they safely may *believe* you too:
Mean time, the *childe*, and *mothers* life, do show
Ye ar all *great Lyers*, and do *nothing know*.
And O! to prove you *greater* Lyers, may
Sh'have *many children*, and live many a day.

On
The Foyl of Nobility.

SEe you yond *Thing*, who looks as he would cry
I am a Lord, a mile ere he comes nigh;
And thinks to shew it by his being *proud*,
His *strutting* as he goes, and *talking loud?*
Behold him well, you'll hardly finde enough
In the whole man to make a *Lacquey* of;
And for true *Honour*, and *Nobility*,
His *Groom* and *Coachman* have as much as He.
Such *empty things* have nothing else of *worth*,
But *Place* and *Titles*, for to set them forth;
Being just like *Dwarfs* dress't up in *Gyants* cloaths;
Bigger he'd seem, the lesser still he shows:
Or like small *Statues* on huge *Basis* set;
Their *heights* but only make them shew *less great*.

On

The Welcoming a Friend from SEA; In Drolling.

Dear N.

WElcom from *Sea*, and now th'art com aſhore,
If thou beeſt wiſe, I prithee go no more.
Let *Land-men* keep *a-land*, and only they,
A Gods name, who are *Sea-men*, go to *Sea*.
Ther were ſom *comfort*, if the *Wars* wou'd ceaſe
Firſt Voyage one does make, and end in *Peace*.
But *War*'s a *Hydra*; cut but off *one head*,
And ſtraight *ſeven others* ſprout up in the ſtead.
I know you went to learn *Experience* there;
And your *Experience* might have coſt your *dear*;
Thank Heav'n y'ar come off with ſo little harm,
And ſcap'd without the loſs of *leg* or *arm*;
Which that th'art ſcap'd, th'aſt but ſmall cauſe to boaſt
'Twas but a happie raſhneſs at the moſt.
And 't had been *Fortune*'s fault, if the *firſt* time
Thou hadſt been kill'd, but *ſecond* 'twill be thine.

The end of the firſt Book of EPIGRAMS:

All newly Made, or newly Reviſed.

The Second Book
OF
EPIGRAMS.

To His Royal Highness,
JAMES Duke of *York.*

THe firſt Book be'ng his Majeſties, and this
By Conſequence your Royal Highneſs is.
The World doth ſcarcely any one afford,
After You *Two*, worthy to be the *Third.*

E TO

To Her Royal Highness *JOSEPHA-MARIA d'Este*, Dutchess of *York*.

Madame,

IF *expectation* makes the *Blessing* dear,
Your Highness long has been *expected* here.
And now y'are come, be pleas'd to know, you'll find
Your Royal Lord above all Husbands kinde.
The KING and Him two of the Worthiest men
The World ere saw, or ere shall see agen.
The QUEEN so pious and devout, she's one
Who seems all *Piety* and *Devotion*.
The English Ladies generally fair,
Betwixt the *French* and your *Italian* air.
And th' Better sort and the Nobility
Nothing but Courtesie and Civility.
For th' *rest*, our hope of Civilizing 'um,
Next Heav'n, is in Your Highness, now y'are come:
Which if You do, You'll gain immortal Fame,
And make *Joseph-Maria d'Esté*'s Name
Amongst the *English* full as famous as
Amongst the *French*, *Clotilda*'s ever was.
Mean time, Your Highness bears along with You
Your House's Honour, and Your Nation's too.

To

To his Royal Highneſs,

On his Return from our Naval VICTORY, *An.* 65.

GReater and Famouſer than ere
Cæſar or *Alexander* were,
Who has both done, and out-done too,
What thoſe great Heroes could not do:
Till Empire of the Seas they get,
No Victory can be compleat.
For *Land* and *Sea* make but one *Ball*;
They had but *half*, you have it *all*.
Great Prince! the Glory of our days,
And utmoſt bound of humane praiſe:
Increas'd in Style, we well may call
You now, *The whole Worlds Admiral*;
Whilſt mighty *CHARLES* with Trident ſtands,
And like ſome God, the Sea commands.
Having ſo glorioufly orecome,
What now remains, but to come home,
And fixed in our *Britiſh* Sphere,
Shine a *bright Conſtellation* there,
Moſt pow'ful ore the *Watry Main*,
Next unto that of *Charles his Wain*?

To His Highneſs Prince *RUPERT*,

On the ſame.

GReat and Heroick Prince! ſurpaſſing far
Him who was ſtyl'd *The Thunder-bolt of War.*
The *Belgick Lion* ſtands amaz'd to ſee
A *greater Lion* than it ſelf, in *Thee:*
And *Zealand* one, all trembling for fear,
Half ſinks into the *Waves*, to hide it there.
Ne'r ſince the *Greeks* firſt call'd the World their own,
Or *Romanes* theirs, was greater Valour known.
And if there yet new worlds to Conquer were,
Brave *Rupert* were the fitteſt Conqueror;
Greateſt Example of Heroick worth,
As ever yet this Later Age brought forth!
As formerly the *Land* of *Britain* was,
So now the *Sea*'s too narrow for thy praiſe;
And 'twill in time become the work alone
Of *Extaſie* and *Admiration.*

On the Death of

His Royal Highness

HENRY Duke of *Gloucester.*

HIgh-born and Great as any Prince on earth,
With *Minde* as great and high as was his *Birth*;
Wiſe 'bove his years, Valiant above a man;
And had he liv'd to *end* as he *began*,
The World would for Him ſcarce have any room,
So Mighty and ſo Great he had become:
Whoſe Life was juſt like the *Arabian* winde,
That ſo much fragrant ſweetneſs leaves behinde,
The World is fill'd with odour of his Name,
After he's gone, from whom the ſweetneſs came.
Who's now ſo dull, when this they hear but ſed,
Who does not know *the Duke of Gloſter's dead?*
The Gallantſt Perſon *Nature* ever made,
And hopefulſt Prince as *England* ever had.
Let thoſe who truſt this World then, learn by this,
What all their *worldly hope* and *greatneſs* is.

On the Death of
Her ROYAL HIGHNESS,
HENRIETTA Dutcheſs of *Orleans*.

THis *Life* of ours is like a *Garden*, where
The *faireſt Flow'rs* always firſt gathered are;
Whilſt common ones are onely left like *Weeds*,
To wither on their ſtalks, and fall to ſeeds.
And ne'r than this was fairer Flower known,
Where th' *Roſe* and *Lily* both were joyn'd in one:
In which Conjunction did together meet
All that was heav'nly fair, and heav'nly ſweet.
Hereafter then, as 'tis your *Floriſts* guiſe
New names for rareſt Flowers to deviſe;
And more for the perpetuating their Fames,
To call them by ſome Royal perſons Names:
Thoſe which are faireſt ſweeteſt ones of all,
We *Henrietta*'s by her name may call.

On

To *HENRY* Earl of *Arlington*, Principal SECRETARY of State.

My Lord,

THat *ours* and *other* Nations may know
How much to such *Great men* as you they owe,
Who for the State perpetual *Vigil* keep,
And with your *Watchfulness* secure their *Sleep*.
While *dull Spectators*, and the *common Rout*
Onely behold the *Dyals hand without*,
You are the *Wheels* give Motion to't *within*;
Next to the *Primum Mobile*, the KING.
You are th' *Intelligences* of the Sphere
Of Government, and all the *Weight* do bear;
Whilst, like great *Jove*, the KING does sit above,
And under him sees all in Order move.
Mean time, 'tis a great happiness for a King,
To meet men *fit* for th' Offices th'ar in;
And does commend their Judgments when they chose
To serve the State, such Ministers as those.
Great Offices require *Great Souls*, and you,
My Lord, have both the one, and t'other too.

On a Noble-man Whose MOTTO is, *Cavendo Tutus.*

WHo as the *Flint* bears *Fire*, so bears his worth
And is not always shewing of it forth;
But for more solid and profound respects,
The needless ostentation of 't neglects:
Who's that *just man without all guile or fraud*,
Who next to's *first* Religion unto *God*,
Counts what he is to *Men* his *second* one;
And for a world wou'd harm and injure none:
Who's *wary* and *circumspect* in all his ways,
And nothing rashly either does or says:
Nor any thing, in fine, that may offend
His *Prince*, his *Country*, *Conscience*, or his *Friend*.

If any now wou'd know who This may be,
By his *Cavendo Tutus* they may see:
It is a *Cavendish*, and that *Devonshire*'s He.

TO
The Lord *GEORGE BERKLEY.*

IT is an Axiome in *Morality*,
That *Vertue's onely true Nobility*;
If ſo, ther's none gives clearer proof than you,
My Lord, that your *Nobility* is *true*.
And that 't may ſo continue, you provide,
By adding to't *true Piety* beſide.
For, *Piety is but Vertue dy'd in grain*,
Can ne'r change *colour*, nor take *ſpot* or *ſtain*.
In which *pure garment* whoſoere are clad,
Are truly *vertuous*, truly *noble* made.
Such Courtiers Heav'n deſires, and *ſuch* Kings ſhou'd
Deſire too, if they'd have them *great* and *good*.
Happie the whilſt, my Lord, are ſuch as *you*,
Fit for both th' *earthly* Court, and *heav'nly* too;
Whilſt thoſe who do not *joyn them* both together,
As *you* have done, my Lord, are fit for *neither*.

To Mr. *HENRY JERMIN*,

On their demanding why he had no higher TITLES, *&c.*

STill *Noble*, *Gallant*, *Generous*, and *Brave*:
What more of *Titles* wou'd theſe people have?
Or what can they imagine more, to expreſs
How *great* thou art, that would not make thee *leſs*?
He who is proud of *other Titles*, is
Proud of a thing that's *other's*, none of *his*.
And 'twere in thee but vain ambition
To ſeek by *other Titles* to be known;
When *Henry Jermins* name alone affords
As high and great a ſound as any *Lord's*.
The title of a *worthy perſon's* more
Than all which they ſo obſequiouſly adore:
And ther's no *Office* they can greater call,
Than doing of *good offices* to all.
This is thy *Office*, theſe thy *Titles* are;
Let who liſt take the *reſt*, thou doſt not care.

On

On the Cloſet or Study

OF

MARGARET Dutcheſs of *Newcaſtle.*

WHat place is this! 't looks like ſome *ſacred Cell*
Where holy *Ermits* anciently did dwell.
Is this a *Ladies Cloſet?* 't cannot be;
For nothing here of *vanity* you ſee,
Nothing of *Curioſity* or *Pride*,
As moſt of Ladies Cloſets have beſide.
Here ſhe's in *rapture*, here in *extaſie*,
With ſtudying high and deep Philoſophy.
Here thoſe *clear lights* deſcend into her minde,
Which by *reflection* in her *Books* you finde;
And thoſe high *notions* and *idea's* too,
Which *but her ſelf*, no Woman ever knew.
Whence ſhe's the chiefeſt *ornament* and *grace*
O'th' *Age*, and of her *Sex*: hail ſacred place,
To which the world in after-times ſhall come,
As unto *Homers* Shrine, or *Virgils* Tomb;
Honouring the place wherein ſhe made abode,
The air ſhe breath'd, and ground whereon ſhe trod.
So *Fame* rewards the *Arts*, and ſo agen
The *Arts* reward all *thoſe* that honour them.
Whilſt whoſoe'r in other *Fames* does truſt,
Shall after death, lie in forgotten duſt.

On *MELCHBOURN*, The Reſidence of the Earl of *Bullingbrook*.

Melchbourn with ſuch perpetual *quiet* bleſt,
As if the *Halcyon* there had built its neſt,
Or 'twere the *middle region* of the air,
Where never *ſtorms* nor *tempeſts* do repair.
Whether the *Exorciſm* i'th' *place* doth lie,
Or rather in the *peaceful company*,
Whoſe *Lord* and *Lady* of a dove-like kinde,
Live ſo united, with *one ſoul* and *minde*:
Betwixt them never yet was other *ſtrife*,
But who ſhould *kindeſt* be, of *man* or *wife*.
All *friendſhip*, *nobleneſs*, and *kindneſs*, *He*;
All *ſweetneſs*, *gentleneſs*, and *mildneſs*, *She*.
No Weathercocks of *Humour*, apt to *change*;
To day *familiar*, and to morrow *ſtrange*:
But conſtant to their *goodneſs*, and their *way*;
The ſame *to-morrow* as they were *to-day*.
So men at *eaſe* and *certainty* live there;
In *pain* and in *uncertainty* elſewhere.

On

On the Duke of *Albemarl*'s, AND And the Earl of *Sandwich*'s Bringing in the KING.

THat *preſent* and all *future times may know*
How much to *Monk* and *Montague* they owe;
By them that *great* and *mighty work* was done,
O'th' *Kings* moſt happie *Reſtauration*.
A *happineſs* ſo *general*, we may call
It well *The Reſtauration of us all*.
Whilſt t'one reſtor'd him to poſſeſſion
O'th' *Royal Fleet*, t'other o'th' *Royal Throne*.
One gave him full and abſolute Command
O'th' *Sea* again, as t'other did o'th' *Land*.
For which, what *Statues* had erected been
In former times, what *Titles* giv'n to them;
And with what *acclamations* had they ſaid,
Whilſt to theſe *Heroes* they their thanks had paid!
"If *others* have their *Honours* well deſerv'd,
"Who nobly have their King and Country *ſerv'd*;
"What Honours ever can be *worthy* You,
"Who have not onely *ſerv'd*, but *ſav'd* them too!

On

On

On the Death OF The Earl of *Sandwich.*

NEver was greater *Sacrifice* than this,
Where *Sea*'s the *Temple*, *Fireſhip Altar* is,
And *Sandwich Victime* offer'd up, to ſave
His Countries *Honour* by a death more brave
Than ever *Heroe* di'd, though we ſhou'd ſum
All *Greece* ere boaſted of, or ancient *Rome.*
O Noble *Sandwich!* while there's Memory,
O'th' *Britiſh Seas* thy *Fame* ſhall never die;
Who 'twixt two *different* deaths, at laſt wert found
In *Water burnt*, and in the *Fier drown'd.*
As if to kill thee *once* did not ſuffice
Thy mighty minde, but they muſt kill thee *twice*:
Or elſe, to ſerve thy *Country*, thou didſt chooſe
More than *one death*, more than *one life* to looſe.
Let then the *Fabii*, *Decii*, *Curii*, nor
Meltiade's be mentioned no more,
Who for to ſerve their Country choſe to fall:
Our Noble *Sandwich* has *out-done* them all.

To

To the Earl of *Ossory*,

On his going to SEA.

MOst Noble *Ossory*, who dost possess
So much of *Honour* and of *Nobleness*,
As were *all Honour*, all *Nobility*
In *others lost*, they might be *found* in *thee*.
In these our Wars at *Sea*, where Death does stand
With twice more *force* and *terrour* than at *Land*;
Into what *danger* thou thy life dost bear,
The less *Thou* fear'st, the more *thy friends* do fear.
But when we talk of *danger* unto him,
Who *Life* than *Honour* does far less esteem,
This onely's all the *answer* he does give;
There's need to go, but there's no need to live.
Go then, since nothing can be *throughly* done,
But where the Noble *Ossory* is *one*.
There's nothing now that *England* needs to fear,
When *YORK* is *Leader*, and He *Follower*;
Who's both in *Peace* and *War*, by *Land* and *Sea*,
So *fit* to serve his Country every way,
As for *true Honour*, *true Nobility*,
England had ne'r a *braver man* than *He*.

To the Lord HENRY HOWARD of *Norfolk*, now Earl of *Norwich*, And Lord High Marſhal of *England*;

On his *African* Voyage.

COmmanded by your *Prince*, you did not ſay
For your Excuſe, *A Lion's in the way*;
But by *Obedience* and by *Honour* led,
Even into *Africk* went, where *they* are bred:
Teaching of *Subjects*, by the *haſte* you made,
How *Kings* and *Princes* are to be *obey'd*;
And how they obey but *ſlowly*, and *too late*,
When they *demur*, or elſe *capitulate*.
By *your Example* then, whoere are ſent
By *Kings* abroad, may learn this *Document*,
How they but ſerve *themſelves*, and not *their Kings*,
Who onely obey in *fafe* and *eaſie things*;
And how there's *little Honour* to obey,
When *difficulty* and *danger* is away.
Let then your *talking Croud* ſay what they will,
The *greater Danger*, *greater Honour* ſtill;
And *that*, my Lord, you went to *Africk* for,
Let who's liſt go to fetch the *Golden Oar*.

To the Same :

On his Voyage to CONSTANTINOPLE.

WHilſt *Merchants* Traffick for their *lucre*, *You*
Traffick for *Honour* whereſoere you go :
Of which *brave Merchandize* you always make
A *noble* and *rich Return* at coming back.
Witneſs that *Voyage* which you lately made
To the *Levant*, where is the *richeſt* Trade :
Beſides, now into *Italy* again,
Now into *France*, and unto fartheſt *Spain*.
How Rich the while muſt th'*Howards* be of't? who
Have ſuch *brave Factors* for't abroad, as *You* :
And are ſo honour'd for't at *home*, as they
Without offence and vanity may ſay,
As *God* firſt made the *Light*, then made the *Sun*
A *bright* and *great Reſerve* for't when h'had done :
So *Kings* make *Honours*, and the *Howards* are
The *great Reſerves* of't, ſtill you finde it *there*.

On *WELBECK*, the Duke of *Newcaſtle*'s Houſe,

Where he ſo Royally Entertain'd the laſt KING.

Welbeck's a Royal place, where every thing
Seems *made* for Entertainment of a *King*;
And all the World confeſſes that he ne'r
Was entertain'd more *Royally* than there.
Whoſe *Cellar* and whoſe *Larder* ſeem t'have bin
Of ev'ry *forraign Land* the Magazin;
Whilſt every where their *Rarities* were ſought
By *Land* and *Sea*, and unto *Welbeck* brought.
Let *others* wonder at thy Lords *expence*,
And at the vaſtneſs of 's *magnificence*,
Whoſe *feaſt* was but *Preludium* to the *coſt*
With which ſoon after he maintain'd an *Hoſt*.
He who would venture's *Fortunes*, *Life*, and *all*,
To ſerve his Maſter when his *General*;
For me, I ne'r ſhall wonder that he wou'd
Not ſpare his *Purſe*, that wou'd not ſpare his *Bloud*.

To

TO
FRANCES
Dutcheſs of *Albemarle*.

Madame,

THe chiefeſt Office that the *Poet* has,
Is to give others their *deſerved praiſe*;
And when they finde a *true* and *real worth*,
T'*adorn* it handſomely, and *ſet it forth*.
So, there are *ſome* they praiſe for nothing elſe
But *Beauty*, or the *outſide* of themſelves.
Others, and more *deſervedly*, agen,
They praiſe for *Vertue*, or th' *inſide* of them;
And ſometimes for *Nobility* of *Blood*,
When 'tis *ennobled* by ſome *greater good*.
All which, of *noble*, *fair*, and *vertuous* too,
Being to perfection, *Madam*, found in *You*,
Whoever does not *praiſe* you for't, muſt be
No Poet, or elſe *blinde*, and cannot ſee:
And as for me, *Madam*, though I were *none*.
The *ſeeing You* were enough to make me *one*.

IN MEMORY
OF
The Lady *JANE CHEYNEE.*

THe *gentleſt temper*, and the *mildeſt breſt*,
Moſt apt to pardon, *needing* pardon *leaſt*;
Whoſe *Bluſh* was all her *Reprehenſion*,
And none ere heard her *chide*, or ſaw her *frown*;
Who was ſo *liberal* to the *Poor*, ſhe ſcant
Thought any thing her *own*, whilſt *they* did *want*;
And ſcarce had any *Paſſion* of her *own*,
But was for *others All compaſſion.*
So *Innocent* ſhe was in guiltieſt time,
Omiſſion of doing good was all her *Crime*;
And thoſe *omiſſions* chiefly did proceed
From the abundance too o'th' *good* ſhe did.
In fine, a *Saint* ſhe liv'd, and *ſo* ſhe di'd;
And now is gone where *onely they* abide.
Make much of her, ye *Saints*, for Heav'n knows when
Your *Quires* will ever have her *like* agen.

On

On *MARY*
Dutcheſs of *Richmond.*

WHether a *chearful air* does riſe,
And *elevate* her fairer Eyes,
Or a *penſive heavineſs*
Her lovely Eye-lids does *depreſs*;
Still the ſame *becoming Grace*
Accompanies her *Eyes* and *Face*:
Still you'd think that habit *beſt*
In which her *Count'nance* laſt was dreſt.
Poor *Beauties!* whom a *look* or *glance*
Can ſometimes make looks *fair by chance*;
Or curious *dreſs*, or artful *care*,
Can make *ſeem fairer* than they *are*.
Give me the *Eyes*, give me the *Face*,
To which *no Art* can adde a *Grace*;
Give me the *Looks* no *garb* nor *dreſs*
Can ever make *more fair*, or *leſs*.

On *GEORGE* Duke of *Buckingham* her Father,

To the Lord Duke her Brother.

THe *Gallantſt Perſon*, and the *Nobleſt Minde*,
In all the World his *Prince* could ever finde,
Or to participate his *private cares*,
Or bear the *publick weight* of *his affairs*:
All which he bore as *ſteady*, and as *even*
As ever *Atlas* did the Globe of Heaven:
Like well-built *Arches*, ſtronger with their *weight*;
And well-built *Mindes*, the ſteadier with their *height*.
Such was the *Compoſition* and *Frame*
O'th' Noble and the Gallant *Buckingham*.

Theſe, whilſt he *liv*'d, your *Fathers* praiſes were;
And now he's *dead*, are *Yours*, my Lord, his *Heir*.
The *winning Carriage*, and the *ſmiling Grace*
Of his *exterior Perſon*, and his *Face*;
The noble *Vertues* of 's *interiour Breſt*;
And in's *Example* you have all the reſt.

To *LILLY*, DRAWING The Dutcheſs of *Cleveland*'s Picture.

STay, daring man, and ne'r preſume to draw
Her *Picture*, till thou mayſt ſuch *Colours* get
As *Zeuxis* or *Apelles* never ſaw,
Nor ere were known by any *Painter* yet.
Till from all *Beauties* thou extracts the *grace*,
And from the *Sun*, the *Beams* that gild the Skies,
Never preſume to draw her *Beauteous face*,
Nor paint the *radiant brightneſs* of her *Eyes*.
In vain the while *thou* doſt the labour take,
Since *none* can ſet her forth to her *deſert*;
She who's above all *Nature* ere did make,
Much more's above all can be made by *Art*.
Yet be n't diſcourag'd: for whoere does ſee't,
At leaſt with *admiration* muſt confeſs
It has an *air* for *charming* and for *ſweet*,
Much more than *others*, though than *hers much leſs*.
To thoſe *bold Gyants* who would ſcale the *Skie*,
Although they in their *high attempt* did *fall*,
This *comfort* had, They mounted yet more high
Than thoſe who *never ſtrove* to climb at all.
Comfort thee then, and think it no *diſgrace*,
From ſo great *height* a little to *decline*;
Since all muſt grant, the *reaſon* of it was
Her *too great Excellence*, and *no want* of thine.

To

To the Dutcheſs of *Cleveland*:

On her new Acceſſion of TITLES, *An.* 1670.

ALthough your Graces *Modeſtie* is ſo great,
You won't admit of your own *praiſes*, yet
We well may praiſe *you* under *Beauties* name;
And *You* and *Beauty*, Madam, are the *ſame*.
To ask then, what in *Beauty* we can finde
To honour ſo? is queſtion of the *blinde*;
Since all have any *ſenſe*, or *eyes*, may ſee
It ſelf alone is *its own* dignity,
And, *Monarch-like*, does in *it ſelf* compriſe
All other *Titles*, *Stiles*, and *Dignities*.
Th'are *envious* then, at its *advancement* grutch,
Or think it can be *honour'd* here too much.
That might in *ancient times*, if it had been,
Have choſe what *Conſtellation* 'twou'd be in;
Either t'have ſat in *Caſſiopœi*'s Throne,
Or to be crown'd with *Ariadne*'s Crown.
There is no *Honour* underneath the skie,
That is for *Beauty* too ſublime and high.

To the Earl of S. *Albans*, Lord Chamberlain to His Majeſtie.

My Lord,

THough we allow *Fortune* no Deity,
Yet ſure there's ſome ſuch *fickle thing* as She,
That has great pow'r over th' *unwiſer* ſort,
And, next to *Vertue*, can do much in Court.
For ſince i'th' Court y'ave *ſtood*, and *honoured* been,
How many *Revolutions* have we ſeen?
How many *ſtrange Examples* have we known,
Of *Favourites* ſh'has *rais'd* and *overthrown*?
Whilſt none but ſuch as *You* can *firmly ſtand*,
Not rais'd by *Fortune*'s, but by *Vertue*'s hand.
Live *ever honour'd* then, *ever the ſame*,
Still more and more ennobling *Jermin*'s Name,
And live a *Great Example* unto all
Who *tottering* ſtand in Court, and fear to *fall*;
How none but thoſe are rais'd by *Vertues* hand,
Can either *ſafely riſe*, or *firmly ſtand*.

On Mris *STUART*.

STUART, a Royal Name that ſprings
From Race of *Caledonian* Kings;
Whoſe *vertuous minde*, and *beautious frame*,
Addes *Honour* to that Royal *Name*.
What *praiſes* can we worthy finde,
To celebrate your *form* and *minde*?
The greateſt pow'r that is on *Earth*
Is giv'n to *Princes* by their Birth;
But there's no pow'r in *Earth* nor *Heav'n*,
Greater than what's to *Beauty* given:
That, makes not onely *Men relent*,
When unto *rage* and *fury* bent,
But *Lions* tame, and *Tygers* mild,
All *fierceneſs* from their breſts exil'd.
Such *Wonders* yet could ne'r be done
By *Beauties* pow'r and force alone,
Without the force and power to boot
Of excellent *goodneſs* added to't.
For juſt as *Jewels* we behold
More brightly ſhine when ſet in *Gold*:
So *Beauty* ſhines far brighter yet,
In *goodneſs* and in *vertue* ſet.
Continue then but as you *are*,
So excellently *good* and *fair*;
Let *Princes* by their Birthrights *ſway*,
You'll have a *Power* as great as *they*.

On

On her Dancing at *White-hall*, All ſhining with JEWELS.

SO *Citharea* in th'Olympick Hall,
And th'reſt o'th' *Stars* dance their *Celeſtial Ball*,
As *Stuart* with the reſt o'th' *Nymphs* does here,
The brighteſt *Beauties* of the *Britiſh Sphere*.
Who wou'd not think her *Heav'n*, to ſee her thus
All ſhine with *Starry Jewels* as ſhe does?
Or ſomewhat *heavenlier* yet, to ſee her *Eyes*
Outſhine the *Starry Jewels* of the *Skies*?
Onely their *ſplendour*'s ſo exceeding *bright*,
Th' exceſs *confounds* and *blindes* us with the ſight.
Juſt like the *Sun*, who's *bright* to that degree,
Nothing is *more*, nothing *leſs ſeen* than he.
Mean time the rapid motion of the *Spheres*
Is not more *ſweet* nor *raviſhing* than *hers*;
And 'tis not th' *harmony* makes her dance, but *She*
With *dancing* 'tis that makes the *harmony*.
Next to divineſt *Cynthia* Queen of Light,
Never was ſeen a *Nymph* more *fair* and *bright*;
Nor ever ſhall 'mongſt all her *Starry train*,
Though *thoſe in heav'n* ſhou'd all come *down* again.

On her Marriage
WITH
The Duke of *Richmond.*

THe faireſt Nymph in all *Diana*'s train,
For whom ſo many *ſigh'd*, and *ſigh'd in vain:*
She who ſo oft had *others* captive made,
And who ſo oft o'r *others* triumpht had,
Is *Hymens* captive now *her ſelf*, and led
In *triumph* to the Noble *Richmond*'s Bed.
Nor is it ſtrange to ſee about her flie
As many *Cupids* as are Stars i'th' skie,
As many *Graces* as are Sands i'th' Sea,
Nor yet as many *Venus*'s as they:
But to behold ſo many *Vertues* throng
About a *Nymph* ſo *beautiful* and *young*,
Is ſtrange indeed, and does enough declare
That ſhe is full as *vertuous* as *fair*;
And all thoſe *lovely graces* has beſide,
As ere made *Bridegroom happie* in a *Bride.*

To *JAMES*
Earl of *Northampton.*

WHilſt you your Father's *Noble ſteps* did trace,
And ſtill were found where *greateſt danger* (was,
As none i'th' *Wars* more *active* was than you,
So none has *ſince* more *ſuffer'd* for it too,
By *Plundring*, *Haraſſing*, *Impriſonment*,
And all *ſucceſsful Rebels* could invent
To puniſh *Loyalty* with, in ſuch a time,
When *being Loyal* was the greateſt *Crime*:
All which you not with *patience* alone,
But ev'n with *chearfulneſs* have undergone;
Wiſhing your *danger*, *loſs*, and *ſuffering*,
Far *greater* yet, in ſerving of your *King*:
And that far from the *merc'nary* regard
Of thoſe did leſs for *Honour* than *Reward*.
And you've the *Honour* of't; let other men
Take the *Reward*, you do not envie them.

To

To Sir *WILLIAM DUCEI*,

On his Three Entertainments;

Of the KING, Prince of *Tuſcany*, and Prince of *Denmark*,

All the ſame Year, *An.* 1669.

Ducei, who bravely knows to *ſpend*
When 'tis for any *noble end*,
And never ſticks at the *expence*,
When 'tis to ſhew *magnificence*;
For th' *Royal Entertainment* that
Thou gav'ſt unto thy *Prince* of late,
The *Honour* onely is thine own:
But what's to *other Princes* done,
The *honour* which to that is due
Is both *thine own*, and *others* too:
In that, th'art but a *private* man;
In this, a *publike* perſon; and
Thy Country ſhou'd *ungrateful* be,
Shou'd it not always honour *Thee*,
Who know'ſt ſo *bravely* how to *ſpend*,
When 'tis for any *noble end*;
And never ſticks at the *expence*,
When 'tis to ſhew *magnificence*.

To

To Mr. *BERNARD HOWARD*, Brother to the Duke of *Norfolk*.

Seguite il Pocchi, & non li vulgare genti.

I Grant you, Sir, I have a *minde* unfit
For my *low fortune*, and *too high* for it:
But ſure you'll grant 'tis better have it *ſo*,
Than for *high fortune* t'have a *minde too low*.
By that, a man is *elevated* to
An *Angels* pitch, attain'd by onely few:
By this, the *Noble ſoul* is ev'n *depreſt*
Unto the *Vulgar*, almoſt to the *Beaſt*.
This *Sentence* I have ta'n for *Motto* then:
Follow the few, not vulgar ſort of men.
Nor care I what the *common people* ſay,
For being not of their *number*, nor their *way*:
They do but *talk*, and can't in *judgement* ſit,
Nor lies it in their *Verge* to judge of *Wit*.
I put my ſelf upon the onely *few*;
That is, the *beſt* and *Nobleſt*, ſuch as *You*.

To

To the truly Honourable, Mr. *THOMAS HOWARD*, Brother to the Earl of *Carliſle*.

Noble Sir,

THough ne'r ſo *many* confidently aver
That *Honour*'s onely in the *Honourer*;
Yet we may well affirm of ſuch as *You*,
'Tis both i'th' *Honourer* ann *Honour'd* too.
Nay, *You*'d be *Honourable*, Sir, thou there were none
Extant in all the world but *You alone*.
As th' *Sun* wou'd ſtill be *luminous* and *bright*,
Though *men*, like *moles*, were all *depriv'd of ſight*.
Let *others* glory in the *Honours* then
And *Titles* they receive from *other men*;
You have no *Titles* by the which y'are known,
Nor *Honours*, but what's properly *Your own*.

The End of the Second BOOK.

On our Town-LIBELLERS.

WE have a ſort of *Libellers* in Town,
For baſe & villanous Rhyme put *Writers* down;
Men *ſemi-Atheiſts*, and who want not much,
In *lives* and *manners* to be *wholly* ſuch:
So perfect bad, they laugh at *Machiavil*
For ſaying *None can be extremely ill:*
And in their *Writings*, as in all the reſt,
Satyrs, half Men, half Goats, and wholly *Beaſts*.
Theſe, when they write of *Dildoes* and ſuch ſtuff,
May be allow'd, though ſcurrilous enough:
But when they write 'gainſt *others*, nay don't ſpare
Ev'n *Kings* themſelves, had beſt in time beware
Leſt as *wilde horſes*, which unleſs they check
In their Carreer, oft break their *Riders* neck:
So may their *Wits* in time break their necks too,
Unleſs they *rule* them better than they do.
Such are your *Libellers*, who 're but the fame
Savage and *wilde*, as Ballad-makers *tame*:
Hated by th' *nobler* ſort, and, to conclude,
Lov'd and applauded by the *multitude*,
For writing as they do 'gainſt every one,
And counted *Wits*, when rather they have none;
Employ their *Pens* and *Wits* in ſuch a way,
As none in *Bedlam*'s half ſo *mad* as they.
And now if any take exceptions for
Writing 'gainſt theſe, let them take *Hellebor*.

The Pourtrait.

Such a ſtature as they call
Nor too *low*, nor yet too *tall*,
And each part, from head to foot,
With a juſt *proportion* to't;
Hair ſo black, and *skin* ſo white,
Never was a fairer ſight:
And her fairer yet to make,
Eye and *Eyebrows* too, as black:
Forehead ſmoother than the *Glaſs*
Where ſhe ſees her lovely *face*:
Cheeks where naturally grows
The *Lilly* and the blushing *Roſe*:
Lips all other Lips excelling,
Th'ar ſo *ruddy*, and ſo *ſwelling*:
Voice that charms you, 'tis ſo ſweet,
Made more charming by her *Wit*.
In fine, for *ſymmetry* and *feature*,
Nature ne'r made a fairer creature.
If any'd know who this may be,
Name but *Bellaſis*, and 'tis ſhe.

The Young Couple,

J. D. and *B. S.*

THey well faign'd *Cupid* yong: for then's the time,
As *Roſes* in the *bud*, when he's in's prime.
And ſuch an *early love* is this of theirs,
Who now are married in their tender years.
Now, like *ſoft Wax*, they aptest are to take
The ſweet *impreſſions* which their *Loves* ſhall make.
And like *young Plants*, they'll eaſily bend and bow;
Which, older grown, they'd not ſo eaſily do.
Let none the wanton object their *Pupillage*;
For *Love* and *Marriage* none are under age.
For what does *Hymens rites* to *Lovers* more
Than joyn their *hands*, whoſe *hearts* were joyn'd before?
And here on *earth*, by *ſacred Pledges* given,
Confirm that *Marriage* which was made in *Heaven*?
To th' *Temple* then, and as they paſs along,
Let *Youths* and *Virgins* ſing their *Nuptial ſong*;
And thus conclude: For *noble*, *good*, and *fair*,
Hymen ne'r coupled a more equal pair.

To M. M. Davies,
On her excellent Dancing and Singing.

HOw I admire thee, *Davies!* the delight
Both of the raviſht *hearing* and the *ſight!*
Whoſe *dancing* and whoſe *ſinging* added to't,
Shews thee *all Harmony* from *head* to *foot*.
Who would not ſay, to ſee thee *dance* ſo *light*,
Thou wert all *air*, or elſe all *flame* and *ſpright*?
Or who'd not think, to ſee thee onely *tread*,
Thy feet were *Feathers*, others feet but *Lead*?
Athlanta well could *run*, and *Hermes flee*,
But none e'r *mov'd* more gracefully than thee.
And *Circes* charm'd with *Wand* and *Magick lore*,
But none like thee ere charm'd with *feet* before.
Thou *Miracle*, whom all men muſt admire!
To ſee thee move like *air*, and mount like *fire*.
Whoe'r would follow thee, and come but nigh
To thy perfections, muſt not *dance*, but *flie*.
But now ſhe *ſings*; let's peace, and ſay no more:
For juſt as when ſhe onely *danc'd* before,
We wiſht our ſelves all *Eyes* to *ſee* her, ſo
We wiſh our ſelves all *Ears* to *hear* her now.
Onely we'll ſay, Never did mortal ear
On *earth* before ſuch *heavenly muſick* hear.
And we her ſinging well may *heavenly* call,
Whoſe *skill's divine*, and *voice Angelical*.

On her *pretty Daughter.*

PRetty childe, in whom appears
All the *seeds*, above thy years,
Of every *Beautie*, every *Grace*,
As ere was *sown* in *minde* or *face*.
Never by Nature yet was made
A Childe who more *perfections* had;
Nor ever, though she'd ne'r so fain,
Can she make the *like* again.
Thou art th' *Epitome* of all
We *pretty*, *fair*, and *sweet* do call:
And for the more Conformity,
This is th' *Epitome* of Thee.

On a Ladies Blushing When the KING beheld her.

SO *Roses* blush when look't on by the *Sun*,
As *she* when by the *King* she's look't upon:
And so of all *fair things* we nothing see
More *fair* in nature than the *Rose* and *She*.
If things take names from their *Original*,
We well her Blushes *Royal ones* may call;
And if we've lost the *Royal Purples* Stain,
It in her *Cheeks* may well be found again.
In brief, as 'tis a signe the *Sun* draws neer,
When fair *Aurora* blushing does appear;
To see her blushing when the King does come,
You'd say *He* were *Aurora*, *she* the *Sun*.

On

On a famous Running Horse.

LEt Fabulous *Antiquity* no more
Boast of the *Running horses* 't had before:
Here is a *Horse*, to whom they'd all seem *lame*,
Who ran i'th' *Isthmas* or *Nemean* Game;
Surpassing far the *Horses* of the *Sun*
So many thousand miles a day do run;
Or *Gynets* of the *Andalusian* kinde,
For *swiftness* far outstrip their *Sire*, the *Winde*;
Whom we had prais'd before, but that there's none
Had time to do it till the Race was done.
Swifter than *thought*, or *lightning* from the skie,
Begins and ends in *twinkling of an Eye*:
Such is his speed when he begins to run,
Whose *ending* and *beginning* is all one;
And now w'ave *time* to *praise* him, then w'ad none.
Let none then talk of *Pegasus*, nor yet
O'th' t'other *Flying horse* of *Pacolet*;
While we have ——— here, we well may say,
We have our *Flying horse* as well as *they*.

On

On a Pretty Little Perſon.

SHe is *pretty*, and ſhe *knows* it ;
She is *witty*, and ſhe *ſhows* it :
And beſides that ſhe's ſo *witty*,
And ſo *little*, and ſo *pretty*,
Sh'has a hundred other *parts*,
For to *take* and *conquer* Hearts.
'Mongſt the reſt, her *Air's* ſo ſprightful,
And ſo pleaſant and delightful,
With ſuch *Charms*, and ſuch *Attractions*,
In her *words*, and in her *actions*,
As whoe'r does *hear* and *ſee*,
Say there's none do *charm* but ſhe.
But who have her in their arms,
Say ſh'has hundred *other Charms*,
And as many more *Attractions*
In her *words* and in her *actions* :
But for that, ſuffice to tell ye
'Tis the little pretty *Nelly*.

ON
Mris *JEAN ROBERTS.*

Roberts, whom rather we *Rob-hearts* may call,
Since ot our *hearts* her *Beauty* robs us all;
And does it with ſuch *gentle force* and *ſlight*,
As ſhe even *robs* us with her very *ſight*.
Nay, what few Beauties elſe cou'd ever do,
Her ſight not onely *robs*, but *kills* us too.
Though none ſo fond of *life* was ever found,
Who wou'd not gladly *die* of ſuch a *wound*.
Nor talk of *Law* to her, who is above
All other *Laws*, but onely thoſe of *Love*.
Whence ſhe's ſo *high* and *abſolute* become,
As ſhe *gives Laws* to *all*, but *takes* of *none*.
Such priviledge *Beauty* has: whence we may ſee,
Leſs Thieves are *puniſht*, *great* ones *lawleſs* be;
And *mighty Conquerors*, whom no Laws can touch,
Do *rob* and *kill*, like her, but not *ſo much*.

To *CLARISSA*,

Too curious in her Dreſs.

AND why, *Clariſſa*, all this *pain* and *care*,
To gain the Reputation of *fair*?
When without all this *care*, and all this *pain*,
You *have already* what you ſtrive to *gain*.
All other Arts in you would ſhow as poor,
As theirs would do who ſeek to *guild Gold ore*:
And you'd appear as vain in it, as they
Who ſeek by Art to *Blanch the Milkie way*.
Men well this *curiousd reſſing* may ſuſpect,
Since *Beauty* ſtill ſhows *beſt* in the *neglect*;
And *Truth* and *it* needs ſo ſmall ſetting forth,
As all you add to't, takes but from it's worth.
Leave then, *Clariſſa*, theſe *poor helps* to thoſe,
Who need to piece their *Beauties* out with *Clothes*.
So *Politicks* when th'*Lyons skin* does fail
Do uſe to piece it out with *Foxes tail*:
But when th'have *Lyons skin* enough, 'tis poor
And beggerly to add a *piece* to't more.

To *CÆLIA*,

Diſſwaſion from Marriage.

Cælia, Who now are in your *Beauties* prime,
Courted by all the *Gallants* of the time,
Who nothing elſe the whilſt of Heaven do crave,
But that for *Wife*, they might *fair Cælia* have:
I'le tell you what your *Beauty* is, and what
Y'are to expect, when come to *Marriage ſtate*.
Beauty is juſt like *Sweet-meats*, which before
Th'have taſted of, nothing they long for more:
But after once 'tis *taſted*, and *enjoy'd*,
Nothing with which your *Men* are ſooner *cloy'd*.
Your *Marriage* then is ſuch a *Tepid* thing,
And's *flames* become ſo *dull* and *languiſhing*,
As loſing all their force i'th' *Marriage-Breaſt*,
'Tis *Ice* to *them*, that's *Fire* to *all the reſt*.
Go *Cælia* then, and *Marry* if you will;
If not, be *wiſe*, and live a *Virgin* ſtill.

To

To Sir K. D.

WHilſt with thy *mighty Wit* I but compare
Our *Petty ones*, methinks they *Pigmies* are,
And thine the *Gyant*, with whoſe *vaſt diſcourſe*
Whilſt we'd be meddling fain, but want the *force*,
Thy Wit comes to't, and takes it up with *eaſe*,
And *turns* and *winds* which way ſo'er thou pleaſe.
Whence we perceive 'tis not for *every one*
To manage *Hercules* Club, but *him* alone.
Mean time, how I have long'd when I have been
Where I ſome inſolent *talking Sir* have ſeen
Uſurping *all diſcourſe* o'th' company,
Whil'ſt none muſt *ſpeak*, none muſt be *heard* but *he*,
T'ave ſome ſuch *Tyrant-Conquerour* as *thou*
To undertake him, onely to ſee how
My *talking Sir* would preſently be huſht,
And all's *ſwoln pride* juſt like a *Bladder* cruſht.
So have I ſeen ſome *Chattering Pye* or *Jay*
Fright with their *noiſe* the *leſſer Fowl* away,
Untill ſome mighty *Eagle* comes in ſight,
When ſtraight themſelves are *huſht* and put to *flight*.

To Mr. *Ed: Waller*,

ON

His Excellent POEMS.

Poco è bono.

'TIs not in *Wits*, as 'tis in *horſes* found,
Where thoſe who *run the faſteſt* get *moſt ground.*
Nor does't with *Books*, as't does with *Cattle* fare,
Where thoſe are counted *beſt* that *greateſt* are.
Yet ſuch *voluminous Authors* think it *brave*,
When *they*, like thoſe o'th' *Alps*, their ſwelling have;
Which *other men* more *learned* and more *wiſe*,
Do look upon but as *deformities.*
If Writing *much* did make a *learned man*,
Scriveners write more than Learned'ſt *Authors* can;
Or th' Imploying *much Paper* were the way,
A hundred Tradeſmen Imploy *more than they.*
The Italian wiſely ſay's, *A little and good*;
By which beſt way of writing's underſtood.
And never *any Author* more then *you*,
Did in their *writings* make that ſaying *true.*

On a most fair Beautiful Youth.

WHat *more than fair* and *Beauteous* Youth is this,
Seems *Nature*'s chiefest *Pride* & *Master-piece*?
When doubtful *whether sex* to make, she made
One, who of *either* all perfection had.
You'd think him young *Apollo*, or the *Sun*,
But that his face has *two*, *Phœbus* but *one*;
Or else that *Cupid* God of *Love* he were,
Did *he* like *him*, but *Bow* and *Quiver* bear.
Who e're he be, you by his *Eyes* and *Face*,
May see he's born of *more-than-mortal* Race,
And that ther's somewhat in's *Nativitie*
Approaches nigh to a *Divinitie*.
Live then, *Fair Youth*, and may the *Fates* still twine
New Treads of *life*, and add them unto thine,
Till thou at last Immortal may'st become,
As bright *Latona*'s or fair *Venus* Son.
Which if the *Fates* and *destines* deny,
Thine own *Immortal fame* may well supply.

Of

Of Miſs's and Miſtreſſes.

TO know the derivation of a *Miſs*,
She the *diminutive* of a *Miſtreſs* is,
Or *little Miſtreſs*, who as yet's not come
Unto the honour of a *greater* one.
But you may call her by her *Chriſten name*,
Whil'ſt t'other muſt at leaſt be call'd *Ma-dame*.
And ſhe moſt commonly *unmarried* is,
Whil'ſt *Married wives* commonly are *Miſtreſſes*.
For th'reſt, 'bating but difference of the *name*,
To all intents and purpoſes they'r the *ſame*;
Living the *merrieſt* and the *pleaſant'ſt* lives,
With all the *priviledges* of *Married wives*;
And are to their *Gallants* more coſtly far
Than *Married wives* unto their *Husbands* ar;
They giving *more*, how e're the Devil it comes,
For *lawleſs pleaſures*, then for *lawful ones*.
Whence now *Son of a Whore*'s a name more common,
Then ever was *Son of an honeſt Woman*.

Of

Of one Sweating IN *CORNELIUS's TUB.*

WHo's this? that lives ſo like *Diogenes*:
For *he* liv'd in a *Tub*, and ſo does *this*.
Some *holy Anchorite* perhaps does dwell
In *Tub* inſtead of *Solitarie cell*;
Or ſome *Tub-preacher*, who does take ſuch pain
To Preach 'gainſt *Babel*, as he *ſweats* again.
Pox! now I know he's one, i'th' caſe he's in,
Who *Sweats* far more for's *own* than *Adam's ſin*;
And's in ſo ſweet a *pickle*, I ſuppoſe,
He's glad *himſelf* that he has *n'er a Noſe*.
Yet he's ſo far from raying againſt *Women*,
Or *ſorrow* and *repentance* for his *ſinning*,
He call's it ſtill the *ſweet ſin* of the *fleſh*,
Though it be rather *powder'd* now then *freſh*:
And as for *Women*, ſays, howe're th'have ſerv'd him,
A Woman *made* him, and a Woman *marr'd* him.

To a LADY

Too confident of her *Innocence*.

MAdam, That you are *Innocent* I know,
But th' world wants *Innocence* to think you so;
And you muſt ſeek, now, *ſlander* to prevent,
As well as to be *Chaſt* and *Innocent*:
When men are ſo *unjuſt*, they'll ſcarce allow
That any can be *fair* and *vertuous* now.
In *Saturn*'s days, perhaps, it might ſuffice,
When to be *Innocent*, was to be *wiſe*:
But *now*, without the *Serpents wiſdom* too,
The *Innocence* of the *Dove* will hardly do.
You muſt provide, then, ſome more ſure *defence*
'Gainſt *ſlanderous Tongues*, beſides your *Innocence*.
For *Innocence* is Vertue but *unarm'd*;
The more you *truſt* unto't, the more y'are *harm'd*.

The Ladies name in Ænigma.

HEr *firſt* name ſomewhat of *Elyſium* has;
And *ſecond* is in a more myſtick phraſe,
That colour which ſhowes venerable *age*,
And does i'th' morning a *fair day* preſage.
Unriddle now, and tell whoſe *name* this is,
Or forfeit a *diſcretion* if you miſs.

On

To Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

DRyden the Muſes *darling* and *delight*,
Than whom none ever flew a Braver *flight*,
Nor ever any's *Muſe* ſo high did ſoar
Above the Poets *Empyreum* before.
Some are ſo *low* and *creeping*, they appear
But as the *reptils* of *Parnaſſus* were;
Others but *water-Poets*, who have gone
No farther then to'th' *Fount* of *Helicon*:
And they but *Airy ones*, whoſe *Muſe* ſoars up
No higher than to mount *Parnaſſus top*. (higher
Whil'ſt *thou* with *thine* does ſeem t'have mounted
Than him who fetch't from Heaven *Cæleſtial fire*,
And do'ſt as far ſurpaſs *all others*, as
The *fire* all other *Elements* do's ſurpaſs.

Of an Excellent Actor:

OR,

The praiſes of *Richard Burbadge.*

To *Charles Hart.*

WHo did appear ſo *gracefully* o'th' *Stage*,
He was th' *Admir'd example* of the *Age*;
And ſo obſerv'd all your *Drammatique Laws*,
He n'ere went off the *Stage* but with *applauſe*:
Who his *Spectatours* and his *Auditours*
Led in ſuch ſilent Chains o'th' *Eyes* and *Ears*,
As none whilſt he o'th' *Stage* his *part* did play,
Had power to *ſpeak* or *look* another way:
Who a delightful *Proteus* was, and cou'd
Transform himſelf into what *ſhape* he wou'd;
And of an *excellent Oratour* had all
In *voice* and *geſture* we *delightful* call:
Who was the *Soul* o'th' *Stage*, and we may ſay,
'Twas onely *he* gave *Life* unto a *Play*,
Which was but *dead* as 'twas by th' Author writ,
Till he by's *Action* animated it.
And finally, he did o'th' *Stage* appear
Beauty to th' *Eye*, and *Muſique* to the *Ear*.
Such even the niceſt Criticks muſt allow
Burbadge was *once*, And ſuch *Charles Hart* is *now*.

In

In one who Slandered A Fair LADY.

THou enemy of all that's *bright* and *Fair*,
As of the *light* your *Fowls of darkneſs* are:
Monſter of Monſters, *Baſilisk* of ſpight,
That *kills* with *Tongue*, as t'other does with *ſight*.
Who takes our *Purſe*, does but as *Robbers* do;
Who takes our *Fames*, Robs us and *kills* us too;
And with their *venomous tongues*, and *poyſonous breath*,
Wou'd, if they cou'd, even *kill us after death*.
Beautie's a thing *Divine*, and he who wou'd
Wrong *that*, wou'd wrong *Divinity* if he cou'd.
But I miſtake; it is no *infamy*
To be *calumniated* by ſuch as thee:
Thou rather *praiſeſt* them againſt thy will,
Like him who *curs'd* by chance whom he wou'd *kill*.
For 'tis the *ſame thing*, rightly underſtood
To be *diſprais'd* by'th' *bad*, as *prais'd* by'th' *good*.

A Ladies thoughts defended.

AS 'tis a *Godlike* diſpoſition
To *think*, and *ſpeak* the beſt of every one;
So 'tis a ſpirit *Diabolical*,
To *think* the *worſt*, and to *ſpeak ill* of all.
And what *fau't* is't *others* can find with you,
Of which *themſelves* are not as *guilty* too?
'Leſs *Beauty* be a *fault*, and then who wou'd
Not gladly be *as guilty*, if they cou'd?
All have their *faults*, and thoſe who have the leaſt,
We ſhou'd account the *happieſt* and the *beſt*.
'Tis the condition of *humanity*,
None in *this world* without *ſome faults* can be:
And who'd have thoſe with *none at all*, muſt go
To th' world *above*, there's none in this *below*.

This world's a *Race*, where ſome do nothing elſe
But find fault wi'ye, and never *run* themſelves.
But *do* you *well*, and then let them *ſpeak ill*:
The more *their ſhame*, the more *your honour* ſtill.

In Execration of the Small POX.

OF all Diſeaſes of *Pandora*'s Box,
Was none more *foul* nor *ugly* than the *Pox*.
Not that for *honour ſake* the *Great* we call,
But that *diſhonourable one* the *Small*;
The greateſt enemy that *Beauty* has,
And very *Goth* and *Vandal* of a *face*,
On which it makes as *bad* or *worſer* work
Than does it's Couſin *Meaſels* upon *Pork*:
One of thoſe *Devils* which in former time
Caſt out of *man*, went to the herd of *Swine*,
And giving them the *Pox*, is come again
To play the *Devil* as it did with *men*.
For that which is already, all *curſe-proof*,
What *Execration* then can be *enough*?
For, bid a *plague upon it*, and that curſe
'T anticipates already, for 'tis worſe;
Or *great Pox on it*, we ſhou'd curſe but *ill*;
For 'tis more *great*, in being the *ſmall Pox* ſtill.
Since 'tis ſo *bad*, nothing can *worſer* make it,
'Twere no harm then to bid *the Devil take it*.

In Small-Beer.

HOw *cold* am I with drinking of this *ſmall-Beer*, we may well the *Devils Julip* call?
Diſtill'd from *Lembeck* of ſome *Lapland*-Witch,
With *North-winds* Bellowes blowing in her *britch*:
Or *Stale* of ſome *old Hagg* o'th' Marſhes, who
Than *water* never *better Liquor* knew.
A *pœnitential* Drink, for none, by right,
But thoſe i'th' *morning*, who were *drunk ore night*.
Sure t'was the *poyſon*, as we well may think,
They gave condemned *Socrates* to drink;
Or that the *Macedonian* drank, ſo cold,
As nothing but an *Aſſes-hoof* wou'd hold.
We are deceiv'd, it was not *Niobe*'s *moan*,
But *drinking ſmall-Beer*, turn'd her into *ſtone*;
And's onely that which *ever ſince* has made
Our *Charity* ſo *cold*, and th' *world* ſo *bad*.
If then *Divines* wou'd mend it, let them *Preach*
'Gainſt *ſmall-Beer* onely, and no *Doctrine* Teach
But *drinking Wine*, and then we ſoon ſhou'd ſee
All in *Religion* eaſily wou'd *agree*.
This were a *Doctrine* worthy of their *heat*,
And furious *beating th' Pulpit* till they ſweat,
And wou'd do *far more good* i'th' Pulpit too,
Than all their *endleſs Controverſies* do.

The

The PATRON's Lives.

To the Lord *M.*

MY *Noble Lord*, if you wou'd tell
How to *live*, and to *live well*,
Pleaſe you but *attention* give,
I'le tell you how the *Patron*'s live.
Firſt of all, they neither care
Nor for *Clook*, nor *Kalendar*:
Next, they ne're deſire to know
How affairs o'th' *world* do go.
Above all, they ne're reſort
To the buſie *Hall* or *Court*,
Where poor *men* do nothing elſe
But *trouble others* and *themſelves*.
All the *buſineſs* they look after,
Onely is their *ſport* and *laughter*,
With a *Friend* and *chearful cup*
Merrily to *Dine* and *Sup*,
Hear good *Muſique*, ſee a *Play*:
Thus they paſs the time away
With ſo great an *Innocence*,
And ſo free from all *offence*;
When they go to bed at night
Their ſleeps are ne're moleſted by't.
If you like our living *thus*,
Come, *my Lord*, and live with us.

On a Hector beaten, &c.

STill to be *dragg'd!* Still to be *beaten* thus!
Hector, I fear thy name is *Ominous*,
And thou for *fighting* did'ſt but ill provide,
To take thy *name* thus, from the *beaten ſide*:
To have the *Watch*, like band of *Myrmidons*,
Beat thee with *Halberts* down, and *break thy bones*,
And every *petty Conſtable* thou meets,
Achilles-like, to *dragg* thee through the ſtreets
Poor *Hector!* when thou art beaten *blind* and *lame*,
I hope thou'lt learn to take *another name*.

On a Famous Doctor,

WHo ſo *Famous* was of late,
He was with Finger *pointed* at.
What cannot *learning* do, and *ſingle State?*
Being Married, he ſo Famous grew,
As he was *pointed* at with *two*.
What cannot *learning* and a *wife* now do?

Posthume EPIGRAMS.

In memory of *CHARLES* Lord *Gerard* of *Bromley*.

WHo alive so far had been,
He almost every Land had seen;
And almost every thing did know,
A man cou'd in this world *below*.
At last his knowledge to improve,
Is gone unto the World *above*.
Where his knowledge is so much,
And his happiness is such;
'T wou'd *envy*, and not *sorrow* seem
In those too much shou'd grieve for him.

Of Col. *William Evers*, Slayn in the Battle of *Marston-moor*.

EVen such a *person*, such a *mind* as thine,
Brave *Evers*, Emperours had in *Ancient time*,
When choosing men for *Empire* only fit,
The bravest *minde* and *person* carryed it,
And thou well shewd'st it by thy dying so,
No *Emperour* e'r cou'd bravelyer dye than thou.

Of *ANNE PACKINGTON*, Lady *AUDLEY*.

STay *Reader*, and if ever thou wilt hear
A *ſtory* worthy thy *attentive Ear*;
Know, here lyes *Buryed* in this *Sepulcher*
One who had all thoſe *excellent qualities*,
A Mortal creature cou'd *Immortalize*,
Of *Vertuous*, *Noble*, *Beautiful*, and *Wiſe*,
Who after all *degrees* ſha'd paſt, of *Wife*,
Mother, and *Mayd*, and left them all at *ſtrife*
Which ſtate ſhe moſt had honoured in her *life*,
At laſt, (*too worthy* of this world *below*)
She *dyed*, and to a *higher World* did go,
To honour there the ſtate of *Angels* too.

Of *Henry Petre*, Son to the Lord *William Petre*.

THough, noble *Petre*, thou long ſince didſt dye,
Thou ſtill doſt live yet in my Memory;
To ſhew the *knot* of *friendſhip* 'twixt us two
Was tyed ſo *faſt*, as *death* cou'd ne'r undo.

On

On the BARBADOES.

HOw rich *Barbadoes* is in *other things*,
We well may ſee by'th' *wealthy trade* it brings:
How rich it is in *men*, we well may ſee,
By bringing forth, brave *Drax*, ſuch men as *thee*.

A queſtion on a Ladies letting Blood.

Q. OF this *juſt mixture* and *equality* (be?
Of *Water* and *Blood*, what ſhou'd the *reaſon*
Reſp. The Reaſon's clear; forced to part with her,
Each *drop of Blood* for grief did *ſhed a Tear*.

Of Neglects.

LEt it not trouble thee, if any wou'd
Put a *Neglect* upon thee if they cou'd.
But minde it not, and thy *Neglect* will be
More *great* of them, then their's can be of thee.

In Avaros.

WHo *wholly* ſpends his *life* in getting *Wealth*,
And to encreaſe his *ſtore*, conſumes *himſelf*,
We well may to that *fooliſh ſot* compare,
Who ſold his *Horſe*, to buy him *provender*.

The Anagram.

EVery one may ſee by *this*,
How worthy *Lawrel*, *Waller* is;
When look but on his *Anagram*,
You find it in his very *Name*.

On Simple.

SImple made *much ado*, and much *offence*
He took, at ſaying *he ſcarce had common ſence*;
Till ſaying *he had*, and *very common too*,
Simple was *plea'd*, and made no more ado.

On Madam *Virago*.

OF *Madam* it may well be ſed
That *Madam*'s head has *little Wit*,
Since *Madam*'s *Husband* is her *head*,
And *Madam* makes a *fool* of it.

On his praiſing of Many.

I *Many praiſe*; and what th'are praiſed for
I'm ſure is true: I'll anſwer for no more.

On

On Friends and Foes.

TWo Painters, *Friend* and *Foe*, once went about
To Paint *Antigones*, whoſe one Eye was out:
T' one at *half-face*, his Friend's defect to *hide*,
Set onely forth to *fight* his *better ſide*;
T' other o'th' *contrary*, did paint him ſo,
He onely ſet his *blinde ſide* out to *ſhow*.
So between *Friends* and *Foes* men are expreſt
By *halfs ſet forth* whil'ſt they *conceal the reſt*.
None as their *Friends* and *Foes* depaint them wou'd,
Being ever half ſo *bad*, or half ſo *good*.

To a Friend; Recommending a Memorial to him, *Anno* 52.

I Muſt *beg* of you *Sir*, nay! what is more,
'Tis a *diſeaſe* ſo *Infectious* to be *poor*,
Muſt *beg* you'd *beg for me*, which whilſt I do,
What is't, but even to make you *begger* too?
But *poverty* being as *honourable* now
As 'twas when *Cincinnatus* held the *Plow*,
Senators Sow'd, and *Reap't*; and who had bin
In Car of *Tryumph*, fetcht the *Harveſt* in.
Whil'ſt *mighty Peers* do *want*, nay! what is worſe,
Even *greateſt Princes* live on *others Purſe*;
And very *Kings* themſelves are *beggers* made,
No *ſhame* for any, *Sir*, to be o'th' Trade.

On

To

To an Enemy.

WHen ere thou ſeeſt me take *delight*
In any thing, thou *burſts* with *ſpight*;
And ſo thou doſt at every thing
That does me *good* and *profit* bring.
Thou *burſts* with *ſpight*, to ſee that I
Am *ſtill* in *noble Company*;
And *honour* I receive from *them*,
Make thee to *burſt* with *ſpight* agen.
If then my *honour*, my *delight*
And *profit* makes thee *burſt* with *ſpight*,
And all my *good* does prove thy *ill*,
I pray thee *burſt* with *ſpight* of 't ſtill.

In *Pravos Aulicos*.

IF, as they ſay, *Courts* are like *Heaven*, and *Kings*
Like *Gods*, ſure *Courtiers* ſhou'd be *holy things*
Like *Angels*: from *which ſtate* when once they *fall*,
As *Devils* did, *the Devil take them all*.

On

On an Epicure.

AN *Epicure* is one of those
No God besides his *Belly* knows;
And who besides his *Bill of Fare*,
Does for no other *Scripture* care:
Who for his *Palat* and his *Gust*
Has quite forgot all other *Lust*;
And hugs a *Bottle* as he wou'd
A *Mistress*, when the *Wine* is *good*:
Who layes about him like a *Gyant*,
When a meets a morsel *Fryant*;
And so long has cram'd his *Gut*,
He's nothing else from *Head* to *Foot*.
When you *such a one* do meet
Or in *Tavern*, or in *Street*;
By his *Bulk*, you may be sure
Such a one's an *Epicure*.

On

On Dame *Tannakin*, in Burleſque verſe.

TO tell you what Dame *Tannakin* was
For *Beauty* both of *perſon* and *face*;
Her *face* was good, if with *faces* at leaſt
It goes as with *Bucklers*, the *broadeſt* the *beſt*;
And *perſon fair*, if with *fairneſs* it goes
In *Women* but as in *Cattle* it does.
In *plainer* Terms, without *mincing* the matter,
She had a *face* as broad as a *Platter*,
And *perſon* ſuch, to ſee't you'd fancy
'T were ſome *Dutch Fugg* come from beyond Sea,
Which made her look like a *Bawd* or a *Midwife*,
And as unweildy as *Urſula* the *Pigwife*.
As for the qualities of her *Interiour*,
Which to the *reſt* were nothing Inferiour,
She *car'd* for *none*, and 'twas leſs to be *piti'd*,
Since *none car'd* for *her*, and ſo they were *fitted*:
And was ſuch a *Scrat* at making a *Bargain*,
As ſhe wou'd *wrangle* and *ſcold* for a *Farthing*.
In fine, ſhe was ſo very a *Devil*,
As all her delight was in doing of Evil.
From whom Good Heaven deliver Great Britany,
And ſo I make an end of my *Lytany*.

To a Lady newly Married.

YOu having wholly *chang'd* your *State of life*
From that of *Virgin*, unto that of *Wife*,
And, what is yet more uncouth, even your *name*
And *family* being *changed* with the *ſame*:
No wonder, *Madam*, at ſo great a *change*,
That all ſhou'd ſeem unto you *new* and *ſtrange*;
And even you *your ſelf* do hardly know
Whether as yet you be *your ſelf* or *no*.
So thoſe who to the *Elyzian ſhades* do come,
At firſt are *loſt* in *Admiration*,
Till growing more *familiar* by degrees,
At laſt they all their *Admiration* leeſe.
And *Marriage* is that bleſt *Elyzian ſhade*,
Where thoſe who truly *love*, are *happy* made,
As you'll experience now y'are *thither* come,
And ſo you are *welcome* to *Elyzium*.

To his Horſe at graſs in C. Park.

AFter my hearty Commendations,
Hoping thou haſt nor *Botts* nor *Faſſions*,
But art in *good health*, and as pleaſant
As I'm at writing of this *preſent*;
I having like a careful *Maſter*
Left thee i'th' *Country* there at *Paſture*,
And well conſidering the *danger*
Of one like *thee* who's but a *ſtranger*,
Send thee theſe few *Inſtructions* down
How th'art to *live* whilſt I'm in *Town*.
Firſt then, if *Serving-man* or *Groom*
To *take thee up*, does flattering come,
With *Bridle in hand* and *Oats in Sieve*,
Run from 'm faſt as thou canſt drive.
For if they *once* but get that *haunt*,
Imployment thou ſhalt *never* want:
Grey Flecknoe here, *Grey Flecknoe* there,
Grey Flecknoe muſt go every where,
Till thou of every one does *back* thee
Become at laſt the *Common Hackney*.
Next, I need not bid thee *fly*
All ſuch *wild* Rambling company
May lead thee over *Hedge* and *Ditches*,
As if they'd *Bryars* in their *Britches*,
Till for their *Penance* they be found
Half *ſtarv'd* at laſt in *Country-Pound*.

Nor need I bid thee to be beware
Of playing *Horſe-tricks* there with *Mare*,
Since being *Marr'd* by Squire *Sow-guelder*
For ever getting *Hans in Kelder*,
I imagine there's no great danger
Thou ſhou'dſt or *Stallion* prove or *Ranger*.
As for the *reſt*, I know my *Lady*
Will take all *care* of thee as may be,
And thou perchance at laſt be made
A Horſe of *quality* and *parade*.
And ſo I leave thee to thy *Paſture*,
And remain

Thy Loving *Maſter*,
R. F.

POSTSCRIPT.

To the Lady of the place.

NOw *Madam*, ſince my *Horſe* can't *read*,
Be pleas'd to do it in his *ſtead*;
And ſo Interpret this my *Letter*,
As he may *underſtand* it better.

Of your Fanaticks or Croſs-haters.

WHo will not be *Baptiz'd*, onely becauſe
In *Baptiſm* they make the ſigne o'th' *Croſs*;
And hates all *Chriſtendom* in ſuch a manner,
Onely becauſe they bear that *ſigne* for *Banner*.
Who with the *Croſs* makes as unchriſtian work
Where ere he comes, as *Pagan*, *Jew*, or *Turk*:
And on his *way*, does flye a *Croſs-ſtile* ſo,
He'll rather chuſe a *Mile about* to go:
Who ſeeing how every one in *Swimming* does
Stretch forth their *limbs* & make the ſigne o'th' *Croſs*
Were he to *Swim*, rather than make (I think)
The *ſigne o'th' Croſs*, he'd ſooner chuſe to *ſink*:
To ſhow, in fine, how well the *Devil* and *he*
In hating of the *ſigne o'th' Croſs* agree.

Of their burning the POPE.

WHat *rumour*'s this o'th' *burning of the Pope?*
They do not take this *wiſp* for *him*, I hope;
Or *man of ſtraw* whom they have thus dreſs't up
With *Triple Crown*, as if he were the *Pope?*
He ſits at *Rome*, and cares not what they do, (too.
Though they ſhould burn all th' *ſignes* o'th' *Popes head*
Though *other Princes* wonder they ſhou'd dare
Do this to thoſe who *Soveraigne Princes* are!
For *ſhame* then ceaſe your mad *Phanatick ſport*,
By which *your ſelves*, and not the *Pope* you hurt;
And do not make *your ſelves* and *Nation* thus
To him and all the world *ridiculous*:
As I have ſeen ſome *mad Dogg* bite a ſtone,
To be *reveng'd* on him by whom 'twas *thrown*;
Whil'ſt *unconcern'd*, he *ſmiling ſtands*, and *ſeeth*
How they in vain do *ſpoil* and *break* their *teeth*.
It 't be to make the *Papiſts* odious by't,
That all your *Squibs* and *Bonefires* are to night,
There's none but knows they might as well *remember*
Your *January*, as you do their *November*.

Of

Of Modern EPIGRAMS.

HOw ſtrangely *Wit*'s *refin'd* from what it was
When *empty words* for Epigrams might paſs!
But now they muſt have *ſubſtance* in'em too,
Or elſe the Tinckling ſound will *hardly do*.
Then when they heard a *Clench* or *Quible* ſpoke,
They'd *claw* you for't, as if ſome *Jeſt* were broke.
Now when they hear but any *ſuch Toyes* ſed,
The *Wits* are ready ſtrait to *break your head*;
Who juſt as *Chymiſts* when they *Spirits* make
Of matter which they from groſs Bodies take.
So never leave a *Lembecking* of *Wit*,
Till they *extract* th' Elixar out of it:
So goes the *world*; nor muſt we think it ſtrange,
The faſhion of our *Wits* with *time* ſhou'd change.
'Tis ſo we ſee with *faſhion* of our *Clothes*,
And why not of our *Wits* as well as *thoſe*?

Of

Of WITS.

Wits like *Hawkes* are for their *sport*;
Some are *long wing'd*, some are *short*:
The *first* do fly so *high* a *flight*,
They often *soar* quite *out of sight*;
The *second*, far the fitter for ye,
Keep 'um close unto the *Quarry*
Nor *too low*, nor yet *too high*:
Of this *latter sort* am *I*.

L'Envoye.

I Shou'd never make an end of theſe *Epigrams*, which like a *flowing River* by the continual *acceſſion* of *new parts*, and *revolution* of the *old*, you may go twice in *two*, and not twice into the *ſame* again, had I not conſidered that I am now arriv'd to ſuch an *Age*, when it Imports more to ſeek to make a *good end* of my *Life*, than of my *Book*: Wherefore I give it over, with this *Reſolution*, to *retire*, for greater *quietneſs*, into ſome *Solitude*, where when I *dye*, I deſire to be onely *remembred* by this *Epitaph*.

[redacted],

A vita ſide vixit & mortuus eſt.

FINIS.